

NINE KILLED IN C. P. R. WRECK

Two Trains Collided at
Butler Near Kenora.

Eight of the Dead Were Chinese—
Several Others Were Injured Se-
verely—Impact Was Terrible

MONTREAL, June 30.—According to advices received here from Kenora, nine persons were killed in yesterday's wreck near Butler, while 15 were injured. Eight of the dead and twelve of the injured were Chinese.

The C. P. R. officials received the following account of the collision, which is ascribed to a misunderstanding of orders.

"At 1:50 o'clock Friday afternoon a special train carrying Chinese immigrants east bound came into collision with No. 27 Pacific express, west bound, at Butler, Ont., resulting in the death of eight Chinese and M. E. O'Connor, the guard in charge.

Twelve of the Chinese in the special train were seriously injured, also a Japanese cook on No. 27, and Joseph Roch, a guard on the special train.

Most of the passengers on 27 were uninjured, but the following were reported as having received slight hurts: Mrs. Walter Robinson, Copper Cliff; Frank Bartney, Vegerville, Alta.

Both engines, together with the baggage and two locomotives cars on the extra were damaged. Auxiliary trains were dispatched from Kenora and Ignace, and doctors were hurried to the scene on a light engine to render every possible attention to the injured.

The injured Chinese were sent to Fort William on a special train. Traffic was not long delayed. The impact when the two heavily laden trains came together was something terrific, and cries of terror stricken Chinese who feared that they would all be killed, rendered a most pitiable scene. Butler, the scene of the accident, is 118 miles west of Port William and 126 miles east of Kenora.

A later report from Toronto says that M. O'Connor of St. John, N. B., was killed.

BOY EXPIRES WHILE PREPARING FOR SWIM

While putting on a bathing suit in a box car standing empty on the Ballast wharf, Monday afternoon, about half-past three, preparatory to having a swim with a number of his youthful companions, Louis Wilson, aged thirteen years, suddenly fell on his face and expired a few minutes afterwards, before medical assistance had arrived. Coroner Berryman, who was summoned, said last night that it was unlikely that an inquest would be held. He will, however, look further into the case in the morning.

Young Wilson, who was in his fourteenth year, was the son of Mrs. Agnes B. Wilson, widow of the late James A. Wilson, residing at 183 St. James street, and a great favorite in the neighborhood. About a month ago, he was seriously ill with an abscess on the brain and was then attended by Dr. Skinner. He, however, had apparently quite recovered and was as bright as ever—in fact, yesterday morning his family remarked on his cheerfulness and increasing appetite.

During the afternoon Wilson, with his young companions, Louis Cole, Edmund Smith and Willie Frost, decided to have a plunge in Courtenay Bay, using a box car on the wharf as a quiet place to undress. As there were not enough bathing suits to go around, Louis waited until one of the other boys came in and he had half put on the wet suit when he fell forward on his stomach.

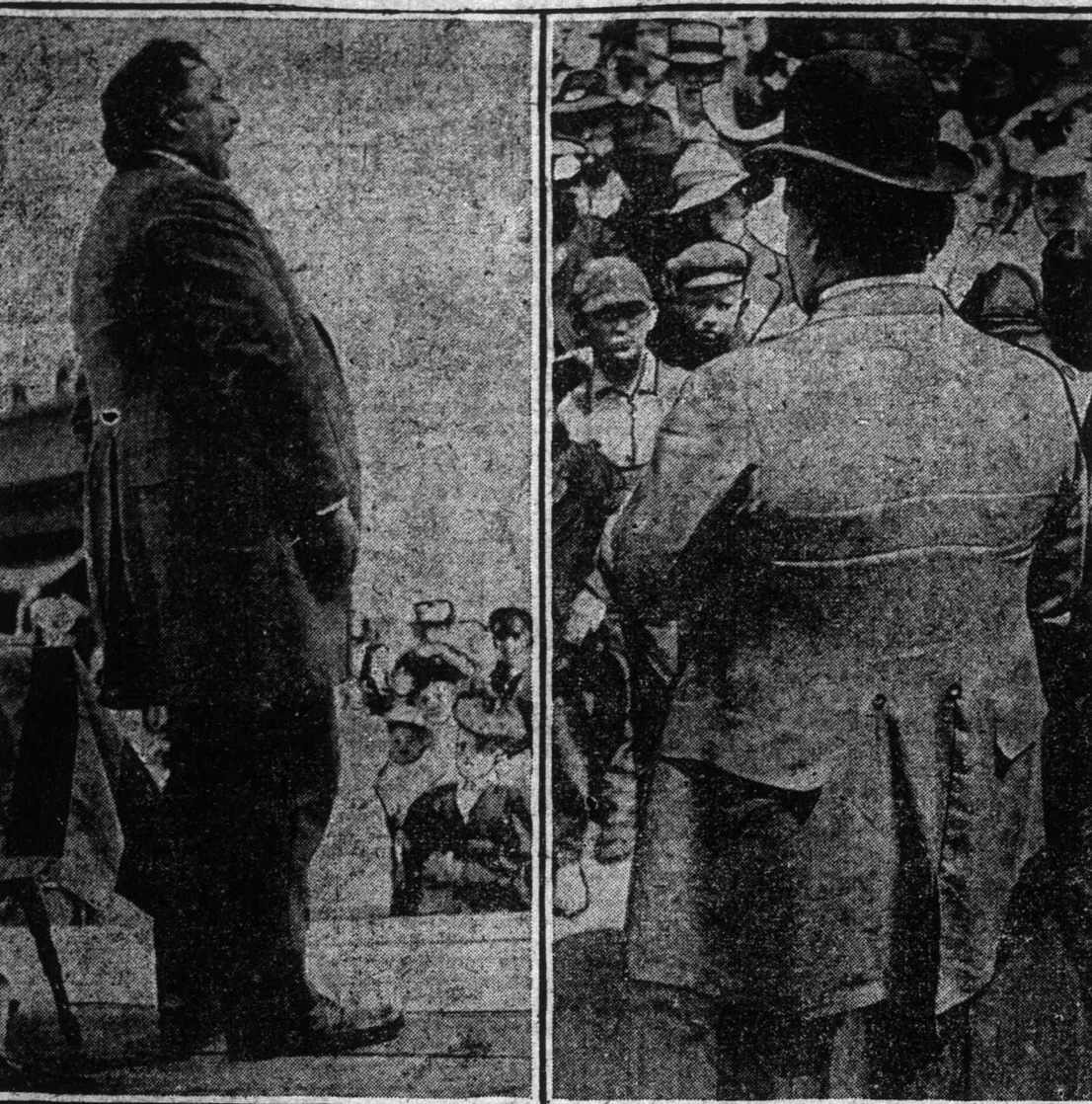
Although he had complained a few minutes before of a bad headache his companions thought that he was pretending to swim as he lay gasping on the floor. Becoming alarmed, they tried all available means to restore him, but he died before they could get him to the shore. He was taken to his home, his mother being heart broken at her son's sudden death. Young Wilson is survived by an elder brother, Jack, and a sister, Molly, younger than himself. Both were spending the holiday out of the city, but will be home today.

LIVERPOOL, June 28.—The crew of the Norwegian sealing vessel Prince Olaf arrived at the wharf last night after a terrible experience in the Arctic regions.

The vessel started for the sealing grounds in April last, carrying a crew of ten men. On May 29 a lane was discovered in the ice, through which a great number of seals were observed. Captain Eljodi took his ship into this break, but soon after entering the lane the ice closed together with great force, cutting the ship completely in half horizontally. The bottom of the vessel sank, while the upper part was forced upon the surface of the ice.

The crew got out two boats and reached an iceberg, on which they remained for twenty-eight hours. At the end of that period the Norwegian sealer Gunfild rescued them.

U. S. Secretary of War William Taft, The Leading Candidate For The Republican Presidential Nomination, On His Western Tour.



Taft speaking at Fort Meade. Photo by Matt. Leach. Broad Back of Secretary Taft. Photo by Matt. Leach.



President Roosevelt's Vacation Smile, Which He Donned When Leaving Washington and Will Not Abandon Until He Returns.

OFFICERS BROKE INTO PACKAGES AT TRURO STATION

TRURO, July 1.—License Inspector Gass assisted by Policeman Snider entered the Truro station this afternoon and broke into nine or ten packages, part barrels part boxes, and removed part of the contents of several bottles to ascertain if the liquid was intoxicating. Later the officers sealed the packages.

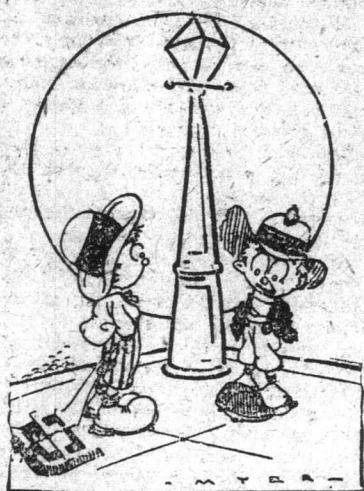
I. C. R. Policeman Robertson, G. H. McEwen, freight agent and clerk to Supt. Jarvis Fulton, were present during the inspection. Robertson says no papers authorizing the inspection were shown, although he made a request for the same.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER GUEST AT LONDON CANADIAN CLUB

LONDON, July 1.—Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the premier of Canada, was the guest of honor at the Dominion Day dinner at the Canadian Club to-night. Lord Strathcona, high commissioner of Canada, presided, and among those present were W. S. Fielding and L. P. Brodeur, respectively Canadian ministers of finance and fisheries.

In the course of his speech Sir Wilfrid advocated government support of an "all-red" transportation line to encircle the world.

Lord Strathcona, in his address, referred to the increase of American immigration into Canada, declaring that many American farmers knew that in the Canadian Northwest prospects were better and that peace and order were more assured in Canada than in the United States.



AN OUTING.
Tommy—"Went to a funeral today."
Jimmy—"Whose funeral was it?"
Tommy—"Don't know. Only went for the ride."

SHORE LINE SPECIAL OFF THE TRACK

DUBLIN, June 29.—A lion belonging to a travelling menagerie escaped from its cage and caused great alarm and excitement among people who flocked into Mitchelstown on market day yesterday by suddenly rushing into their midst. The buyers and sellers were scattered in all directions and never ceased their helter-skelter flight until places of comparative safety were reached.

For some minutes the king of beasts prowled around in icy isolation, and all business was at a standstill. The frightened townsfolk gazed from their windows upon the intruder, in fear and trembling as to what would happen next, although the animal's demeanor was not so aggressive as might have been expected.

He was not allowed to wander at will for any length of time, however, for three stout-hearted young men armed with guns and a pike started off in pursuit. Badly wounded, the animal eventually beat a retreat to the railway station, where a railway guard, armed with a revolver, put an end to its cage and caused great alarm and excitement among people who flocked into Mitchelstown on market day yesterday.

COMMERCIAL TREATY DRAFTED Important Agreement Be- tween Canada and France

Fielding and Borden Will Remain in
Paris to Look After the Arrange-
ments—Laurier Dined

PARIS, June 30.—Sir Wilfrid Laurier was entertained at luncheon by the British Chamber of Commerce here yesterday. The Canadian premier was accompanied by a great ovation, which he returned by the cheering lasting several minutes. Sir Wilfrid appeared deeply moved at the warmth of the greeting. He spoke at some length, and in the course of his speech announced that the new commercial treaty was being drawn up between the governments of France and Canada.

This new commercial agreement, the Canadian premier added, was something the need of which had been felt in both countries, and when put in operation would work to the advantage of all interests concerned, both in France and in Canada.

Continuing, the Canadian premier said that preliminary steps had already been taken in this connection, and that the work of drawing up the treaty was proceeding with all speed.

"That work," said Sir Wilfrid, "is in good hands so far as Canada is concerned. I intend to leave behind me, here in Paris two of my esteemed colleagues of the Canadian administration, Hon. W. S. Fielding, minister of finance, and Hon. L. P. Brodeur, minister of marine and fisheries.

"They will negotiate the commercial treaty which I have spoken of, and I may say that I have very little doubt that this measure will be quite satisfactory to both sides."

Sir Wilfrid was loudly applauded when he referred to the entire cordiality now happily in existence between Great Britain and France, and also when he spoke of the harmony and co-operation of the British and French races in the great work of building up the Dominion of Canada.

Percy, the six-year-old son of Fred C. Jones of Mecklenburg street, while playing near a pit opened to make water pipe extended on Saturday, fell in upon the pipes and had his scalp badly cut. The young lad was taken to the private hospital, where his injuries were attended to. Inquiries made last evening found the boy doing very well.

The latest news appears as a pirate stronghold. It lay near to the Spanish settlements in the heretic days of buccannery, and L'Olonnais the Cruel, Montbars and Extremis, Sir Henry Morgan the pirate and knight, Sharp, and Dampier, all took their treacherous ships to the island to get fresh water and meat. After Sharp had tried to surprise La Serena, and his men anchored off Juan Fernandez. "He tells that he found the shore so thickly covered with seals that he had to blaze away into the thick of them before he could effect a landing. The goats, he said, so multiplied that his sailors shot sixty of them on Christmas Day. The pigs had been equally prolific; while the waters were fairly alive with fish.

K. C. M. G.—Sir William MacGregor, governor of Newfoundland.

Knight Bachelor—William Mortimer Clark, governor of Ontario. F. C. S. Gansler, judge of the superior court of Quebec, formerly mayor of Montreal for senior to Newfoundland; Nathaniel Dunlop, chairman of the Atlantic Line of steamships.

K. C. M. G.—Sir Thomas Shaughnessy of Montreal; Lord Dundonald.

An engine of a special New Brunswick Southern train, which left Carleton at half-past three Monday afternoon, ran off the rails about a mile this side of Spruce Lake and delayed traffic on the road until early this morning. A large number of excursionists who were taking advantage of the special holiday rates were delayed in their return to the city, and some anxious inquiries were being made for them by friends last evening. No one was injured in the mishap, however, although the derailed train which had gone down to pick up a party of excursionists at Allanport, tore up the track rather badly and crossed the scene of the accident was unable to pass the wreck and was delayed until this morning. Many of the excursionists started to walk to the city, while some of the more fortunate ones succeeded in getting teams sent out from Fairville to them, and reached there in time to make connections with the last cars going through the city last evening.

JOHN THOMAS HAD LEG TERRIBLY TORN

Chapter of Accidents Saturday and
Sunday.

Hugh Montague Had Narrow Escape
from Electrification—Street Car
Collided With Team—Lay Hurt

John Thomas, seventeen years of age, met with a painful accident in the Mispic pulp mill Friday. Thomas has been working at the mill for five years and has always been employed at the same machinery. Friday while oiling his machine he got caught in the lower belt and was carried into the cogs in connection with the gear. The prompt action of his fellow workmen in throwing off the belt, stopping the machinery, was all that saved his life. A moment more and he would have been crushed to pieces.

When taken from the machinery it was found that the right leg had been torn from the back of one of his legs almost to the bone.

He was brought to the public hospital and his wounds dressed. He will probably be laid up for a long time.

The opening of Rockwood Park Saturday was accompanied by an accident to Hugh Montague, who was employed in putting up electric lights, which, but for the presence of mind, would have proved fatal. Mr. Montague was engaged in putting up temporary electric lights for the merry-go-round and was about twenty-five or thirty feet in the air when his leg came in contact with a live wire and was severely burned.

Although he received a very severe shock he had the presence of mind to throw the telegraph pole. Had he fallen he undoubtedly would have been killed. He was taken immediately to a doctor and had the burn dressed.

When seen at his home on Main street last evening he made very light of the affair and said he expected to be at work again by Tuesday.

Sunday morning shortly after one o'clock street car No. 21 ran into a delivery wagon driven by Walter C. Short near the North End police station. The wagon had a top on it, and Mrs. Short, who was inside, was considerably shaken up, although not seriously injured. Mr. Short had one of his arms quite severely hurt. The wagon is almost a complete wreck, but the horse came off none the worse of the encounter. Mr. Short had to leave his wagon on the roadside and get another into which he transferred his goods.

Two cars had been detailed to carry an excursion party from the steamer Aberdeen, and were returning when the accident occurred. Mr. Short was coming from Elmwood street and seeing the car coming up Main street, crossed the clear of the track on which the cars return and stopped. The car, however, did not stop, and ran over the street car, and says that he intends to be paid the amount of the damage done. It is probable that he will bring action against the company.

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KING'S BIRTHDAY HONOR LIST

LONDON, June 28.—The King's birthday honors list was announced last night. Those in which Canadians are interested are as follows:

Baronetcy—Colonel John Caradoc Herbert, formerly mayor of general commanding the Canadian militia.

K. C. M. G.—Charles Fitzpatrick, chief justice of the supreme court of Canada.

K. C. M. G.—Sir William MacGregor, governor of Newfoundland.

Knight Bachelor—William Mortimer Clark, governor of Ontario. F. C. S. Gansler, judge of the superior court of Quebec, formerly mayor of Montreal for senior to Newfoundland; Nathaniel Dunlop, chairman of the Atlantic Line of steamships.

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CRUSOE BEFORE ROBINSON.

It is strange how many Crusoes have lived on this famous island. First came three gunners from the fleet of De Witt the Dutch Admiral. They deserted, and took with them cooking utensils, guns, and ammunition. And in the seventeenth century, when the old pirate Dampier visited this lonely Pacific rock, his pilot told him of a shipwrecked man with only one survivor. And this man had lived on Juan Fernandez for five long years, until a vessel happened in sight which took him back to Chili. If this is so, Selkirk's record was quite outdone, for Defoe's hero remained for only four years and four months.

One of Dampier's own men came next, a Mosquito Indian who had stayed off to hunt wild goats. His private master had to fly for his life before the white canvas of a Spanish man-of-war, bent on capturing the buccannier who had wrought such havoc among the shipping. That Indian's adventures would make a great book. His ammunition was soon expended, and he had to live on seal flesh. But he made his knife into a saw, cut his gun barrel into two sections, and with one of these and a flint managed to kindle a fire. And then with infinite patience he turned the rest of his steel into lance heads and hooks and a long hunting knife. Thus successful, he began to fish with strips of sealskin for line, and his larder was eked out with sea fowl and goat. For more than three years the man lived in this way, until old Dampier came back and took him on board again.

She—"Can you get along on ten dollars a week?"
He—"Er, is that all you make?"

WHEN YOU ASK FOR

SURPRISE

A PURE
HARD SOAP.

INSIST ON RECEIVING IT.

THE LONELIEST PLACES ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH

(By Prentice Bradley.) SELKIRK'S ADVENTURES.

Where is Tristan da Cunha? It is a mere mass of desolate rocks away from the South Atlantic Ocean, midway between the Cape of Good Hope and South America. The colony numbers only seventy-three people, and their only link with the rest of the world is the annual visit paid by a British third-cruiser from the South African squadron. Last year the British ship Odin called at Tristan to see if any of its strange inhabitants wanted medical aid or care to come out into the world. The men have a few canvas boats and come out to meet their visitors, to trade mutton, butter, and salted fish for anything they can get. They own quite a number of cattle, sheep, and pigs, and grow excellent potatoes. They gave us unlimited fresh milk, which is the strongest beverage to be found in Tristan.

The islanders have a patriarchal form of government under John Swain, the oldest inhabitant. To him are referred any disputes that may arise, which appear to be very few. The seventeen families of Tristan have intermarried for several generations, and weddings and baptisms are performed by the captain of the visiting man-of-war. Last year we baptized three babies and celebrated two interesting marriages. All around the settlement, and extending for about a mile out to sea, there grows gigantic seaweed, or kelp, which reaches to the surface in one hundred and fifty feet of water, and forms a treacherous trap for any castaway craft that may find itself in these little known waters. The sea hereabouts fairly swarms with fish. Drop a line baited with anything from salt pork to a piece of bread, and you will haul up a delicious seven-pound fiver, or a kind of bass weighing from ten to sixty lbs. The lack of wheat, owing to the swarms of rats, is a serious drawback. Frequently the islanders never taste bread for eight months out of the twelve, and most of them subsist on slight variations of a meat and potato diet. The climate never gets to an extreme.

John Fernandez, that lonely island where Alexander Selkirk, the original of Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe," passed his years of exile, lies four hundred and fifty miles from the Chilean coast. Few people know where Crusoe's island is, and still fewer are aware of the adventures of the Scottish mariner on this lonely rock which led Defoe to weave this famous romance. Fernandez himself discovered the little archipelago in the sixteenth century, and settled down at Mateo de Torres, Juan Fernandez Island of today. He soon grew tired of his lonely kingdom, however, and went off to the mainland, leaving behind him herds of goats and pigs.

The latest news appears as a pirate stronghold. It lay near to the Spanish settlements in the heretic days of buccannery, and L'Olonnais the Cruel, Montbars and Extremis, Sir Henry Morgan the pirate and knight, Sharp, and Dampier, all took their treacherous ships to the island to get fresh water and meat. After Sharp had tried to surprise La Serena, and his men anchored off Juan Fernandez. "He tells that he found the shore so thickly covered with seals that he had to blaze away into the thick of them before he could effect a landing. The goats, he said, so multiplied that his sailors shot sixty of them on Christmas Day. The pigs had been equally prolific; while the waters were fairly alive with fish.

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COLLINS CASE CONTINUED

(Continued from Page 9.)

On Friday afternoon Father McAuley told the story of the fishing trip to the lake on Saturday, nine or ten hours being caught. The prisoner identified his watch, now in the possession of Detective Killen, which was left him by his father who is dead. His mouth is in pain in Manchester. Collins at this point told of his last night at McAuley's on Sunday, August 19th. On Sunday afternoon he went over and paid Mr. Duffy's wife the money, he thought 50 cents, left by Mr. Gross. After supper he went to William's. The prisoner described the two springs which constituted the source of the water supply of the rectory, the pump being dry. When he went to Williamson's he took a small can with water which he wanted to drink as the water in the house at the rectory was warm. He got back from Williamson's about 7 o'clock and did not leave the house that night.

He and Mary Ann sat for some time on the veranda talking of his travels and he went to his room at nine o'clock. He heard Mary Ann moving about in the kitchen for some time when things got quiet. Collins after that went to Father McAuley's room and got some stereoscopic views which he brought and put in some values which had been left in his room. He got up about six o'clock on Monday morning, took some things from Father McAuley's room, but did not break the doors or use an axe on them. After making the fire he did chores at the barn and then was piling up shingles in the woodshed when he saw Mary Ann in the kitchen dressed in a kimono and moving about the kitchen attending to her duties. While at the barn Mary Ann came out and told him to go in and get his breakfast, which he did, Mary Ann remaining in the barn. After breakfast he went back to the barn, Mary Ann telling him to clean the horse and showing him how to harness the animal. When the horse was harnessed he held the shafts while Mary Ann put the horse in the wagon. The reins were not then attached. Mary Ann was not then dressed for a trip. She also spoke of it being very hot and might not go away until evening, taking then a pill and going out of sight. That was the last he saw of her. Shortly after he left with his things.

Here Mr. McKewen in a stern voice said: "I want to ask you, did you strike Mary Ann McAuley with an axe?" Collins replied with a firm voice and steady eye that looked into his counsel's eyes without the shadow of a waver, "No, sir."

"Did you," asked the counsel, "commit this foul murder?"

"No, sir."

"Did you break open the doors of Fr. McAuley's closet?"

Again the prisoner replied "No, sir." Collins after this related his account of his movements up to the capture. He had heard nothing of Miss McAuley's death until told of it by Detective Killen. In explaining his departure from Dean's, Collins stated that he heard the telephone bell ring, and although he could not tell what was said, he thought Father McAuley might be looking for him on account of his taking the values and other things, so he left hurriedly.

To his honor the prisoner said his mother was a Roman Catholic, but his father was not.

He had two younger brothers and three older sisters.